

36
A New Song, called
The Contented Cuckold,

To which is Added
Charming Fellow.

Roving Doctor or Macquin Bue
Rambling Journeyman.



LIMERICK; Printed by J. GLOSTER,
Bookseller, and Stationer, Corner Shop of
the Exchange, where Chapmen can be sup-
plied with Histories, Manuals, Primmers,
Ballads, Pictures, &c. on lower Terms than
any other Shop.

The Contented Cuckold.

BE ruled by me all married men,
 That has got handsome wives,
 Jealousie pray forbear you may
 Live happy all your lives,
 If Neighbours they do love your wife
 That need not you annoy,
 But rather to it give consent,
 You'll live in mirth and joy.

To my great Joy last Christmas,
 I chanced to be wed;
 My Bride she own'd three years ago,
 She lost her maiden head;
 These words did please me to the heart,
 To think she loved me;
 Above all others she enjoy'd,
 And now my bride she'd be.

Ere that I was a fortnight wed,
 My Joys came on apace;
 My Neighbour's love unto my Wife,
 It daily did encrease;
 One morning in the barn,
 My Wife I chanc'd to spy,
 In a young Weaver's arms,
 Most lovingly to lie.

My Wife soon as she me beheld,
 Began to curse and rail;
 The Weaver to defend himself,
 He then took up the flail;
 Dear Wife said I what hurt is done,

That anger you do shew
 I think when pleasure you enjoy,
 The same sure I may know.

My Wife said loving Husband,
 No harm can be done;
 Suppose the Weaver I have pleas'd,
 I've still enough for one;
 I then embrac'd my loving Wife,
 She being kind and free,
 Who could well please her neighbours,
 And have enough for me.

Then next a Jolly Pedlar came,
 Unto my loving Wife;
 Hearing she was obliging,
 He lov'd her as his Life;
 To her he gave a Cotton Gown,
 And thus to her did say,
 My dear if you but grant me love,
 You shall wear rich and gay.

The Pedlar I made welcome,
 My Wife for to enjoy;
 The Weaver's pleasure also,
 I ne'er mean to destroy;
 My Wife she is most virtuous,
 My neighbours can supply;
 My love to her shall ne'er abate,
 Until my end draw's nigh.

Charming Fellow.

LORD what care I for mam or dad
 Why let them scold and bellow;
 For while I live I, ll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.
 The last fair-day on yonder Green,
 The youth he danc'd so well O!
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.
 The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow;
 Says he, my dear I, ll see you home,—
 I thank'd the charming fellow!
 We trug'd along, the moon shone bright
 Says he my sweetest Nello!
 I'll kiss you here by this good night,
 Lord what a charming fellow.
 You rogue, says I, you've stopt my breath,
 Ye bells ring out my knell O!
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

THE ROVING DOCTOR; Or MACQUIN BUE.

IAM a roving doctor. well noted in each
 barony
 The maidens do adore me, both high, and
 low of each degree;

I'm so well skill'd in Physick, the Girls round
the Country,

They say I am doctor Bra and others call
me Macquin Bue.

I have rang'd the Irish nation, and travell'd
round the British shore,

Thro' Scotland I Serenaded; and from that
part of late came o'er;

When the pretty Girls did treat the doctor
heartily,

Because I still did please them with my
sweet Irish Macquin Bue.

It was on Sleivebawn-mountain, this preci-
ous root did first appear,

Near to a crystal fountain, unnotic'd grew
many a year;

Its virtues now are so well known, 'tis used
in every family,

The blind and lame adore the name of my
heart-easing Macquin Bue:

Sweet Macquin Bue a thieva the devil a bet-
ter I'm sure,

There's no Physician breathing that can pro-
scribe a better cure;

When maidens are afflicted with a bad
spleen or malady

The ground of their disorders are rooted out
by Macquin Bue.

If any gallant lady has no heir to her estate,
Then let her try this cordial, it will make
her happiness complete;

As sure as day she'll prove young, suppose
her age was fifty three

I dare engage she'll bear a son, so fruitful is
Mapuin Bue.

Old moreen in the corner that has got but a
stump or two,

Would sell her new frize mantle with me to
have an interview;

If she had six-pence in a rag to me she'd
give it as a fee,

Besides her blessing on her knees all for a
dose of Maquin Bue.

You have heard of Tristram Shandy, Der-
mot O'doodh and Daniel Bran,

And lusty Pat the taylor, could cure the
spleen with any man;

Young Teady Foley bore the sway, with
his surprizing langolee.

Of all I nam'd there's none so fam'd for phy-
sick as the Maquin Bue.

Ye ladies fair that lang uish, ye go to Bath
or Mallow spa,

In hopes to heal your anguish, yet all does
not avail a straw;

In my sweet healing purging plant you'll
find so choice a remedy,

That every night instead of Tea you'll take
a dose of Macquin Bue.

So now for to be merry come landlord fill
the other quart,

To you I'll toast my service, next to your
 Wife with all my heart;
 Suppose I were at my last I'll not forget my
 land lady,
 But ever shall be at a call while I have an
 inch of Maquin Bue.

A new Song called the

Rambling Journeyman.

COME all ye rambling Journeyman
 where e'er you be,
 I pray you list'n and give ear to me;
 It's of my griet and sorrow I mean to let you
 know,

The farther you travel the wiser you grow.

The leaving of my country I vow & declare
 Was all thro the means of Arthur Blare,
 Altho that I spake these words now at large,
 Ne'er was I guilty of what he laid to my
 charge.

In the county Donegal I was born and bred,
 At the town of Killigordon, near Fin water
 side:

No lenger in this country I chose for to stay,
 So to sweet Fermanagh, I straight took my
 way.

Near unto Petigo, I sat down for to work;
 There I fell in hands with a maid fair & brisk
 And that as I passed by like a new comer-in,
 When I reflect on it my sorrows fresh begin

I courted this damsel with a flattering tongue
 She at length said "with me she would run"
 I sported in that country like a young ramb-
 ling boy,

'Till I step'd off for sweet Aughnacloy.

Now I can say nothing for what he's done
 to me,

For many is the day he has bistroff'd a good
 family,

Its well known by the natives of our land,
 They ne'er did deserve, such usage of his
 hand:

F I N I S.

